Upshot
GRAPHICS

PART 4 OF A
4-PART SERIES

$2.00
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JAN STRNAD & DENNIS FUJITAKE

# FLESH & BONES

FEATURING

## Dalgoda

# FLESH & BONES

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## THE BOJEFFRIES SAGA

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*Events to Date:*

**Navigator Stark** has buried herself into the Demmeon Pit to help her "angel" destroy the planet. Meanwhile, **The Nimp** are closing in on **Dalgoda** and crew.

Thanks for reading the adventures of Dalgoda!

—Jan Strnad

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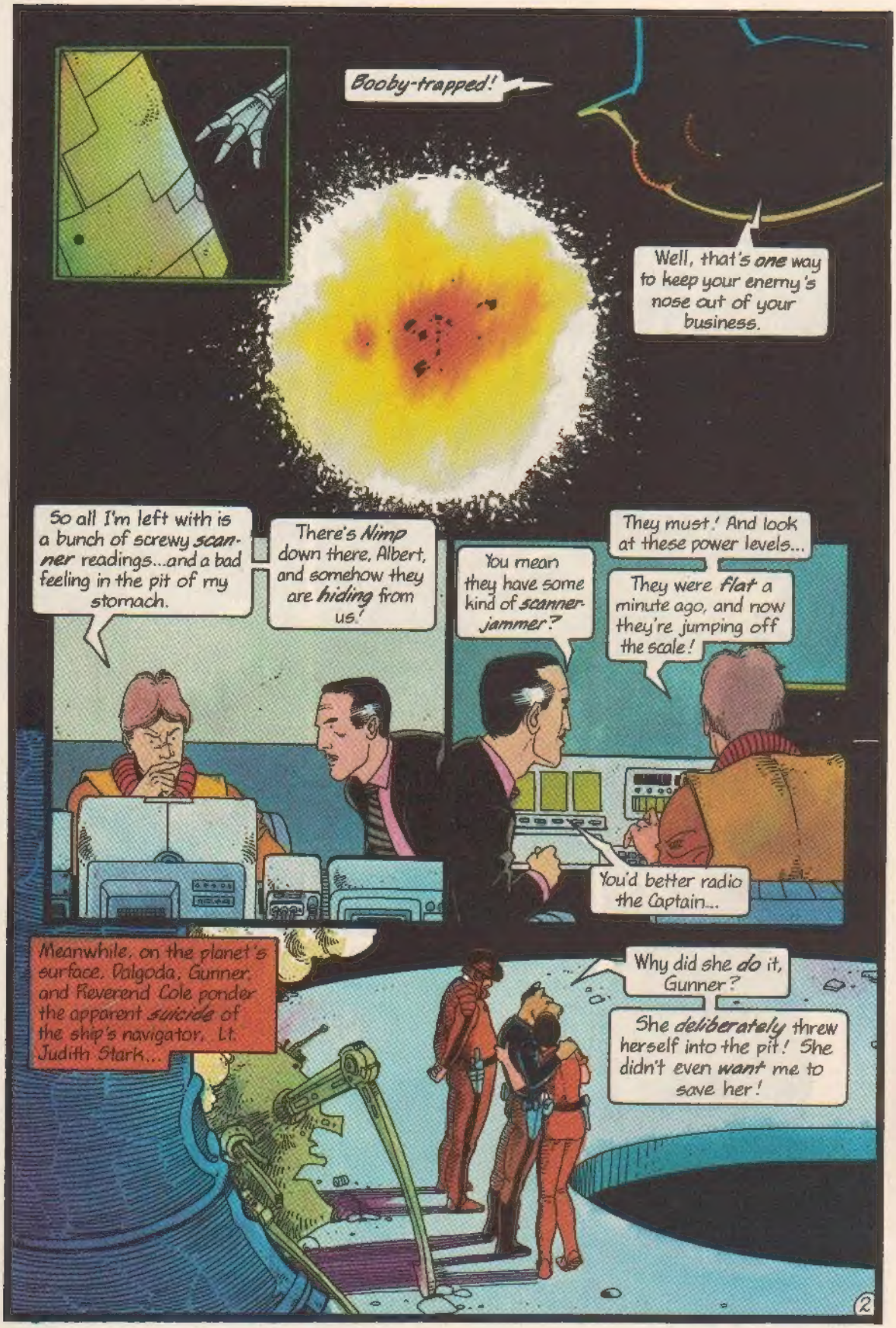
Upshot GRAPHICS

Okay...computer's got it pegged as a Nimp *docu-sat*. Probably from one of those *warships* we blasted.
Still *functional*, too—beaming info down to the planet. Gunner'll be tickled to get her hands on *this* little hummer!
So there's a Nimp outpost on Demmeon, and that satellite's been feeding it information!
Yep...but I can't *find* it. Everytime I scan the planet I get different *readings*.
Okay, here's the touchy part—getting a solid but *non-damaging* grip on the thing.


Booby-trapped!
Well, that's one way to keep your enemy's nose out of your business.
So all I'm left with is a bunch of screwy scanner readings...and a bad feeling in the pit of my stomach.
There's Nimp down there, Albert, and somehow they are hiding from us.
You mean they have some kind of scanner-jammer?
They must! And look at these power levels...
They were flat a minute ago, and now they're jumping off the scale!
You'd better radio the Captain...
Meanwhile, on the planet's surface, Dalgoda, Gunner, and Reverend Cole ponder the apparent suicide of the ship's navigator, Lt. Judith Stark...
Why did she do it, Gunner?
She deliberately threw herself into the pit! She didn't even want me to save her!
2

She was a very disturbed young woman, Dal. So much ...unresolved. Still...
...I sure never pegged her for a suicide. What about you, Reverend?
This was no suicide. There was purpose behind her act.
And yet, look down there. You can't even see the bottom! How could she hope to survive such a fall?
It just doesn't make any sense at all.
Beeep
Yes, Dalgoda here.
This is Victor. I thought I'd better warn you—there might be Nimp in your area.
They seem to have some way to jam our scanners, but I'm close to piercing the jamming frequency. Until I do...
3

...look sharp! They could sneak up on you!
Thank you, Victor. Anything Else?
Well, yes. Power levels are going crazy everywhere I scan. If I were you, Dal...
...I'd get the hell off-planet!
What about that Canidan party? Any luck zeroing in on them?
There's some activity in the general area of the shuttle, but the readings have gotten so screwy...
...I don't know what to make of 'em! I don't think it's safe down there, Captain.
I understand. Stand by for an interim report from Gunner.
What's it going to be, Dal? Do we give it up?
I've come too far to back away now. And besides...
I'm not going anywhere until I've seen the bottom of this blasted pit!
Meanwhile,
Those are Earth-model cycles, all right. The riders must be around here somewhere.
Yes...but do we have time to find them?
4

I'm registering modest ground tremors now—we'll feel them soon enough. This planet is becoming decidedly hostile.
I suppose you're right, Strotter. The Earth party isn't our concern.
Commander Brull...
They just became our concern. One of them is Canidan!
Canidan goggles! By the gods, Chim...
..we may have found Oalgoda!
They left an easy trail to follow, and they can't have gone far!
With any luck, Chim, you'll be in your boyfriend's arms by sundown!
ﾀﾑｰﾊﾃﾞ!!
5

How am I doing, Gunner?
Fine. Keep letting it out ...slowly!
How's it look, Dal?
Dark! Keep lowering!
Keep it coming, Reverend! Slowly, now...easy does it!
6

Wait a minute! Hold it!
HOLD IT, REVEREND!
I've reached a strange energy field!
I don't think I want to go through it!
What's it look like?
Uhm...like a laser dispose-all. But bigger.
Much bigger!
Oh-oh! I was afraid of this!
SKID
Gunner! I'm slipping!
OOF! Gunner -grab the rope!
WUMP!
Hang on, Cole!
I'm hanging on-but it isn't doing any good!
Got it!
7

Oops.
OOF!
THUD
Okay, Gunner -- I've got it now! I'm braced!
Dal! You okay, buddy?
Angel! Dal's in the pit! The translation field...!
I'M SORRY JUDITH--THERE'S SO MUCH TO DO. I DIDN'T NOTICE!
DE-ACTIVATING FIELD!
Oh, Jesus... the rope!
POP
DAL!
8

KUF!
Can you see him? Do you hear anything?
Captain! Can you hear me? Are you all right?
Yes, I'm fine.
SEE. HE'S FINE NOW COME ALONG-- WE'LL ONLY RESUN THE DESTRUCT CYCLE.
I'm coming, Gunner.
Goodbye, Dal
Whew! That was too close!
Can you see anything, Dal? What's down there?
Bones, Gunner...
The whole thing's full of bones!
9

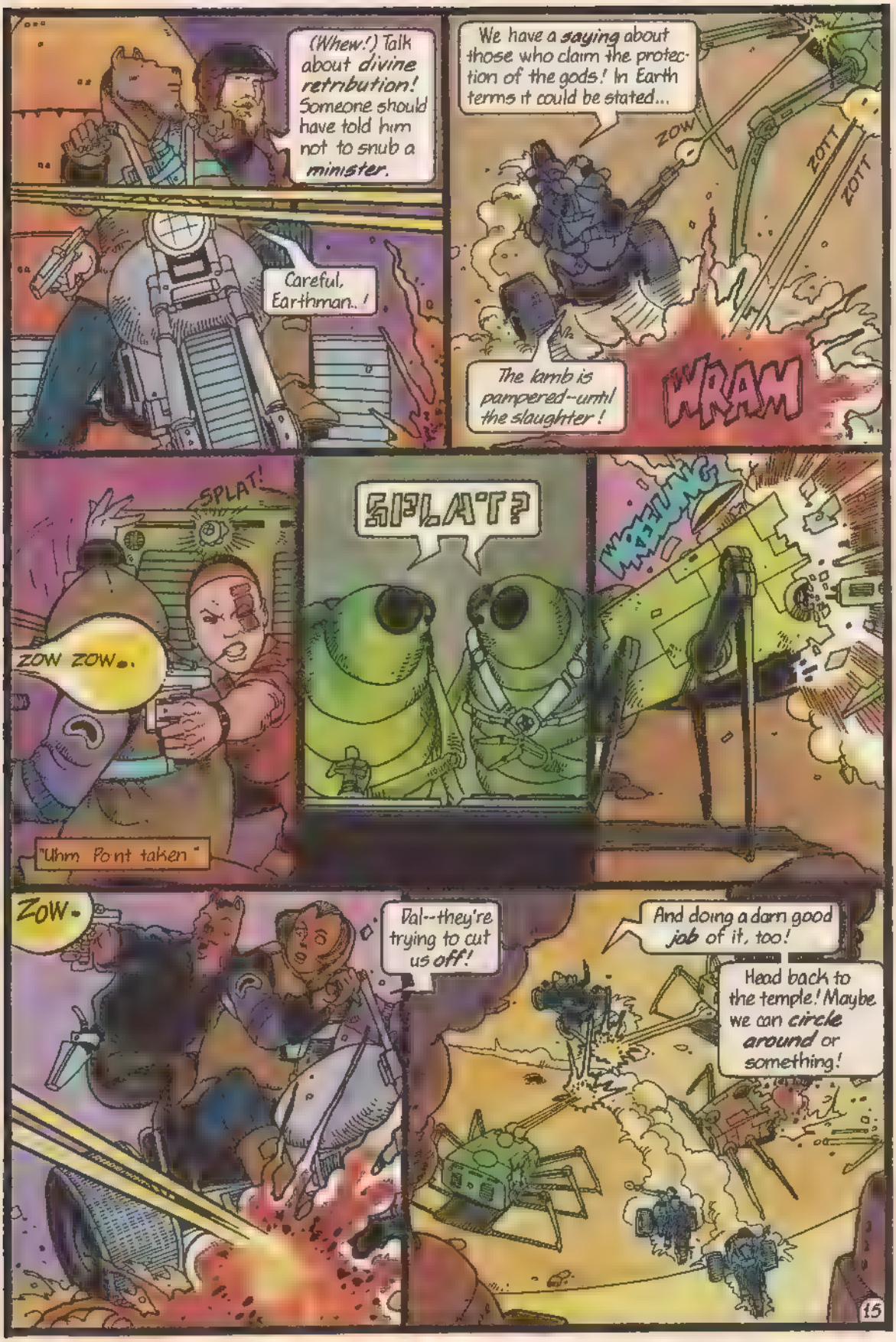
Sounds like Dal's reached doggy heaven!
They're all alien--strange, massive creatures like that *hologram*...
...all but one.
Stark.
But if it's just a skull, how does he know it's...?
Smell.
Ah, yes. Of course.
Listen--motors! Someone's coming!
It could be more Nimp!
Let's flank th door...maybe we can catch 'em in a crossfire!
Hello, Earth party! We know you're in there!
We're coming in...in peace!
We're from *Canida*. We're looking for one of our people...we've tracked him here!
His name's *Dalgoda*. We've come to take him *home*...!
10

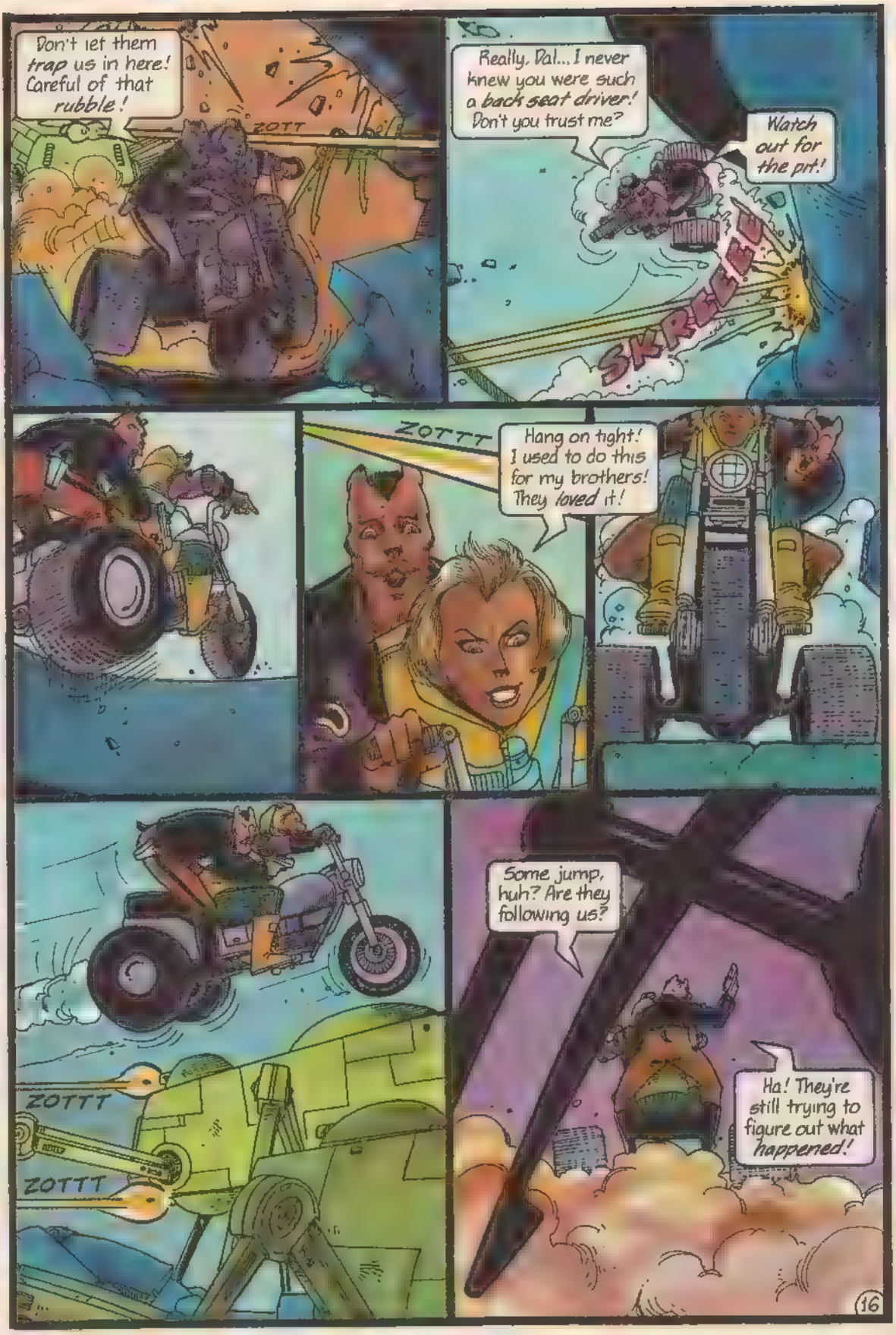
Chim? Is . is that you?
CHIM! I'm down here!
DAL!
HAAAAAAAAAOOOOO
Kneedam to landing party! Come in, Captain! Urgent!
Please report, Captain! I'm picking up all kinds of blips down there...what the devil's going on?

Gunner, here. The Captain's indisposed, Victor. What's up?
What's happening, Gunner? I'm getting all these weird lifeform readings.. that blasted Nimp jammer's still making trash of the data....!
...and I'm registering enormous energy levels—really enormous...!
Enough to tear the planet apart! I'm telling you—something's gonna blow!
You get your butts back here pronto! I'm breaking orbit at oh-seven-hundred, with or without you!
We're on our way, Victor. And by the way...Dal's found his folks.
See you soon Out!
Welcome home, Dalgoda! The portal to New Canida's not far, but we don't have much time....
I understand. Lead the way.
I know, Dal! I've felt the same way about you!
Chim ! I can't tell you how good it is to see you! I was beginning to think I'd never....!

KA-RUMP
NIMP!
To the cycles! Hurry!
ZOTT
If we're quick, we can outrun this thing!
I'll take the bald Earthling with me! Strotter--you take the bearded one..!
No! No riders--they'll only slow us down!
He's right, Brull! We have to take our own chances.!
Nonsense! Get on that cycle!
b-b-b-but
BRAK
Do you want me to drive, Chim?
Don't be silly! I used to race my brothers on three-wheelers!
.. and I always won!

Strotter! Wait for the Earthman! I order you....!
Sorry, Commander! I'm looking out for myself! The Earthlings can do the same!
This means a tribunal when we get back, Strotter!
STROTTER!
ZOTTT
Save your breath, Commander! I'll see you at the portal....!
...if you get there!
WHAT....?!
WANG
WHIRRRRRR
No...no...please...don't...!
ZOTTZOTT
14


(Whew!) Talk about divine retribution! Someone should have told him not to snub a minister.
Careful, Earthman..!
We have a saying about those who claim the protection of the gods! In Earth terms it could be stated...
ZOW
ZOTT
ZOTT
The lamb is pampered--until the slaughter!
WHAM
SPLAT!
ZOW ZOW..
"Uhm Point taken"
SPLAT?
SMASH
ZOW-
Val--they're trying to cut us off!
And doing a darn good job of it, too!
Head back to the temple! Maybe we can circle around or something!
15


Don't let them trap us in here! Careful of that rubble!
ZOTT
Really, Dal... I never knew you were such a back seat driver! Don't you trust me?
Watch out for the pit!
SKREEE
ZOTTT
Hang on tight! I used to do this for my brothers! They loved it!
ZOTTT
ZOTTT
Some jump, huh? Are they following us?
Ha! They're still trying to figure out what happened!
16

Thanks for the lift, Brull. We'll jet to our shuttle from here.
How far's the sub-space portal to New Canida?
Just over that ridge. We'll wait for Chim and Dalgoda to catch up, then...
What in the Sam Hill...?!
RUMMMBBLLE
The tremors are getting worse! We can't delay any longer.
Get Chim on the radio. Tell her we're moving on.
Yes, Commander.
Come on, Reverend! Let's see if we can spot 'em from the air!
Right!
The quake's cut them off! That crevice stretches for miles!
And their radio's probably set on Canidan channels! We'll have to set down!

...so we need to find some way around. No telling how long it'll take.
We'll see you on New Canida, Commander...somehow!
Chim...look! It's Gunner and Cole!
But they should be on the shuttle by now! What are they doing out here?
Gunner—you shouldn't be here! Didn't you feel that last quake?
Commander Brull says the whole planet's ready to explode!
I know...and if you're going to get back to the portal in time, you're going to need one of the jet-cycles!
And you came all this way to bring it to us! I'm touched, Gunner...
No time for any mushy stuff, Dal. Take your goggles and go!
18

Gunner, I'll... I'll never forget you. I never would have made it through all this by myself.
You and Posey-- you were my best friends... two of the best I've ever had.
You too, Dal...
Goodbye, Gunner.
Come on, Dal! We have to hurry!
Say goodbye to Victor and Albert and everybody for me!
Aa-al... the ground's starting to shake again!
Come on, Reverend! Get this thing fired up!
You're a better flyer than I am-- don't you want to drive?
Naw. I don't care...
I'm ready to just hang tight and ride for awhile.

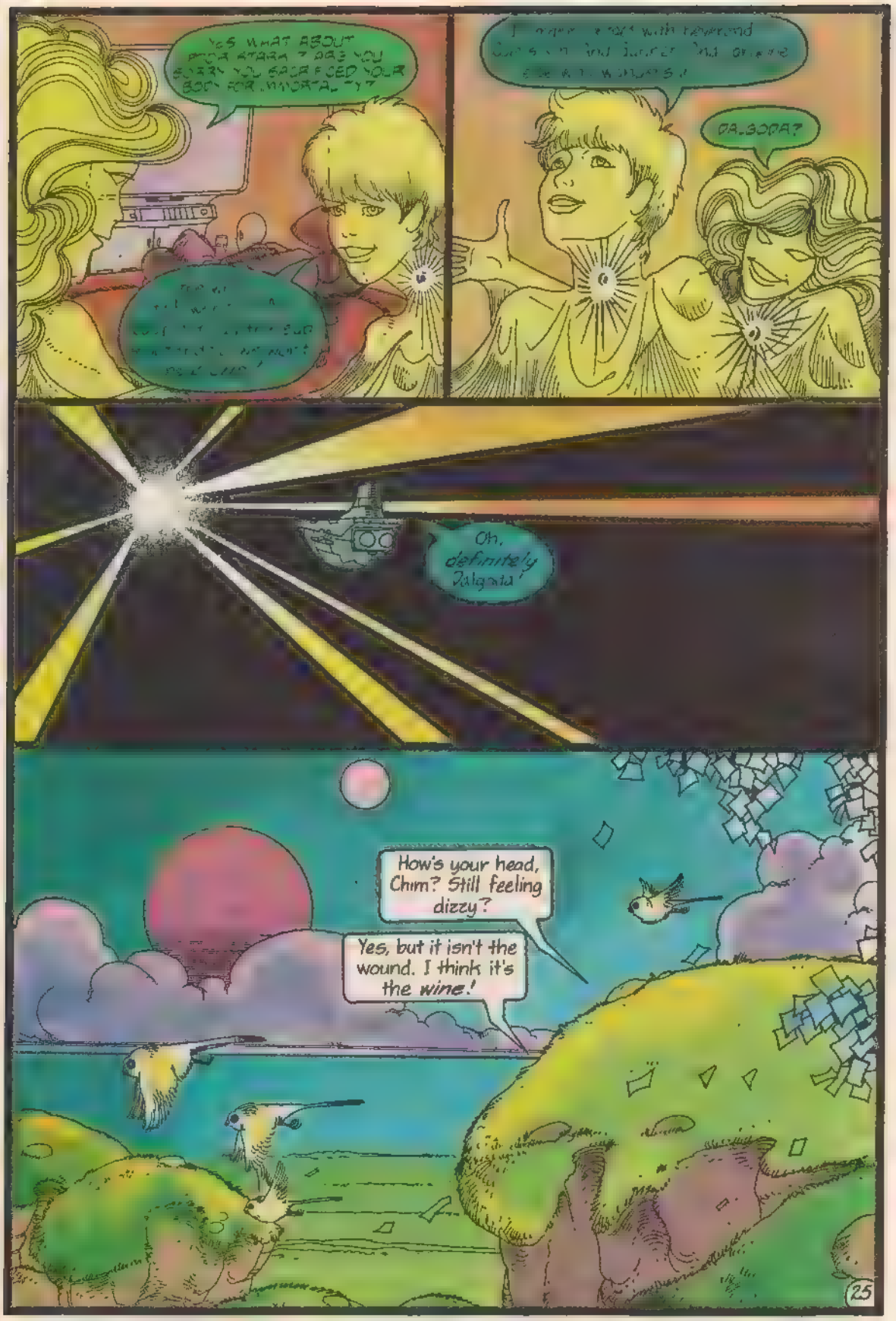
I hope they get back to the shuttle in time...and that it's still in one piece!
Me, too... but right now let's work on our own survival!
Look, it's Commander Brull and the others! Remember which cave they go in--the portal's just inside!
Really? But the transmitter on Canida was huge!
This is just a remote unit, totally powered and controlled by the transmitter on New Canida! If they shut it off before we get through....!
I understand--we'll be trapped on Demmeon!
I'll land as close as I can, then we'll make a run for it!
Dal! There's a swarm of Nimp on our tail!
Hold on, Chim! This cycle wasn't built for combat! We have to lose 'em!
20

ZZOTT
ZZOTT
Ooohh!
CHIM!
Oh, dear gods...!
...don't let me lose her now!
ZZOTT!
Prepare to cut power on my order...and not before!
B but Commander .the Nimp...!
No time to land! We're going straight in!
21

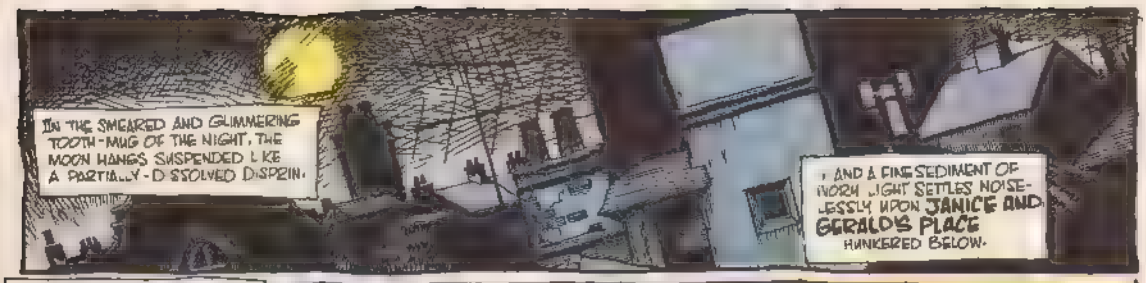
We can't let them discover New Canida! If they get any clue to our location...!
On my order! WAIT for it!
This is it, Chim! Either we make it... or we don't!
Now.
ZOT!
ZOT!
36-7...

WRAM
RUMMBBLE
Gunner! What in the hell's happening down there?! My screen looks like a fireworks display!
We've reached the shuttle! We're trying for liftoff, but... it's going to be close!
SHUTTLE-2
We're up! We have lift-off!
23

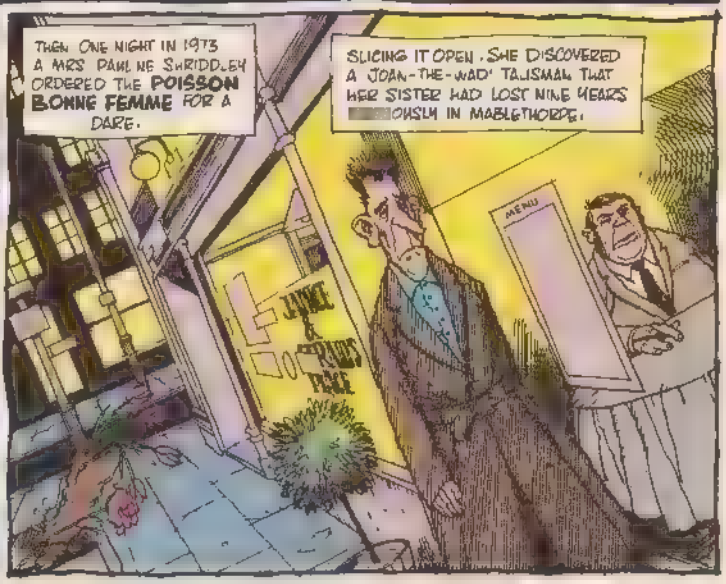
Holy Moses! The whole place is coming apart!
Could Dal and Chim have made it to the portal by now?
It's worth a prayer, Reverend.
Soon..
And so, after Dal and Chim took off on your cycle, you never saw them again?
Right. The planet self-destructed, and we could never re-establish contact.
Hm. With the location of New Canida a secret, and with the war on Earth and all...
...we may not hear from Dalgoda again for a very long time!
Yeah, well, it depends on how tight-lipped the Canidans are with us. We didn't exactly endear ourselves to them.
And then there's Stark, the poor dear.
We'll never know all the why's and wherefore's behind her story!
24


Oh, definitely Jalgata!
How's your head, Chim? Still feeling dizzy?
Yes, but it isn't the wound. I think it's the wine!

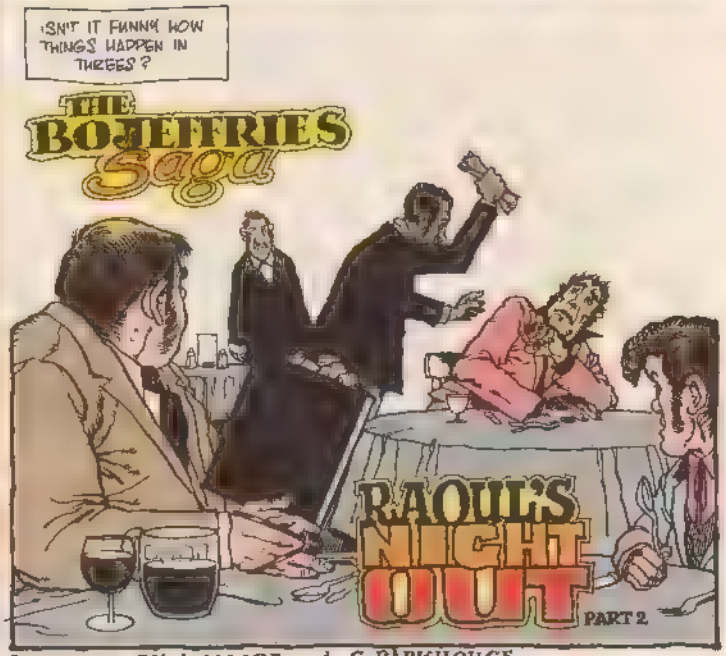
I can feel the whole planet spinning beneath me, like I have to hang on or I'll fly right off!
I know. I feel exactly the same way.
You do? But you haven't had a drop!
You're right. But if it isn't the wine...
...I wonder what it could be.
the End
FUJITANI '87


IN THE SMEARED AND GLIMMERING TOOTH-MUG OF THE NIGHT, THE MOON HANGS SUSPENDED LIKE A PARTIALLY-DISSOLVED DISPEIN.
, AND A FINE SEDIMENT OF WORM LIGHT SETTLES NOISELESSLY UPON JANICE AND GERALD'S PLACE HUNKERED BELOW.

JANICE AND GERALD'S PLACE IS CURRENTLY OWNED BY A MR MORRIS GLUT.
THIS IS BECAUSE GERALD SHOT HIMSELF IN 1969 WHEN JANICE RAN OFF WITH A LADY PE INSTRUCTOR FROM WHITSTABLE
RESTAURANT and LICENSED BAR
JANICE & GERALD'S PLACE


THEN ONE NIGHT IN 1973 A MRS PAULINE SHRIDDLEY ORDERED THE POISSON BONNE FEMME FOR A DARE.
SLICING IT OPEN, SHE DISCOVERED A JOAN-THE-WAD' TALISMAN THAT HER SISTER HAD LOST NINE YEARS [illegible]OUSLY IN MABLETHORPE.
MENU
JANICE & GERALD'S PLACE

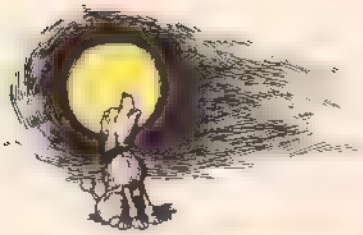
NOW, TONIGHT, JANICE AND GERALD'S PLACE IS HOST TO THE ANNUAL FIRM'S DINNER OF SLESIDGE & HARBUCK LTD., [STANCHION GRINDING AND LIGHT FILLIPING, EST. 1896]




PREPARED BY A.MOORE and S.PARKHOUSE.

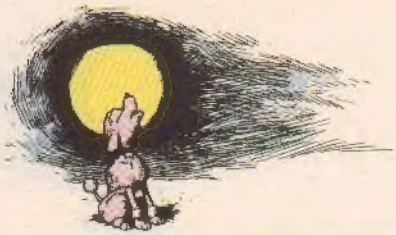
SIRS? MADAM?
NOT TROUBLE WITH THE FOOD, I HOPE?
NO... IS FULL MOON COLIN COUNCIL ESTATE HAS MADE A MISTAKE WITH HIS SMASH HITS TOP OF THE POPS DIARY...
DON'T YOU BLAME MA COLIN, YOU *******!
HE ONLY ABUSES SOLVENT BECAUSE HIS PARENTS GOT DIVORCED WHEN HE WAS FIFTEEN!
NO.. NO IT WAS THE OTHER WAY ROUND...
NOW ALL MAAAD!
I DEMAND AN EXPLANATION FOR THIS WHITE SUPREMACIST PROPAGANDA THAT THIS FASCIST SOUTH AFRICAN KLU KLUX KLAN BASTARD JUST GIVE ME!
WHAT'S THAT THEN?
NOW KEEP OUT OF THIS, BOSTIK-SNOUT!
LISTEN TO THIS: "THERE ARE CURRENTLY MORE IMMIGRANT FAMILIES LIVING IN OR AROUND WOLVERHAMPTON THAN THERE WERE PACKETS OF FROZEN PEAS SOLD IN THE SAME AREA SALES YEAR ENDING 1978..."
DENY IT IF YOU CAN!!
STANLEY... YOUR PROSTATE...
NO, SMITH, I'M GOING TO HAVE MY SAY! THEY COME OVER HERE, THEY EAT OUR WOMEN, SLEEP WITH OUR FOOD...
ACHUM I BEDDER BE TODDLING ALONG NOW.
NO, RAOUL, YOU SIT DOWN! I WON'T HAVE A FELLOW MEMBER OF THE LEAGUE OF ST. SWITHIN INTIMIDATED IN THIS FASHION!
I'M CALLING THE POLICE..
LOOK EVERY-BODY CALM DOWN AN'?

CALL THE ******* PIGS! I DON'T ******* CARE!
I'M GOING INTO THE LADIES TO BLOW MY NOSE ON THE ROLLER TOWEL!!
THEY EAT DOGFOOD AND BEAT UP PENSIONERS!
LOOK LET'S ALL FORGET IT AY?
SORRY ABOUT SHEENA RAOUL SHE'S A BIT EDGY AT PRESENT. IT'S THE WRONG TIME OF THE MONTH FOR 'ER...
HA FOR ME ALSO, I THINK...
LOOK IT'S SPOILIN' IT FOR OTHER PEOPLE INNIT?
DOGFOOD? BEAT UP PENSIONERS? I'LL DOGFOOD YOU, YOU SWASTIKA PIG!
SEE? SEE? LOOK, EVERYBODY HE'S DOING IT!
MMRRURGH...
ANIMAL!
RAOUL?
ERE LOOK LET'S CHANGE THE SUBJECT, AH? DID YOU KNOW I'VE BIN IN BLUE FILMS?
GWOWURRGG!!
THERE I THOUGHT THAT'D SHUT EVERYBODY UP.
ANYONE SEE THAT ONE WHERE MILLICENT MOTTLEFLOSS PLAYED SNOW WHITE? I WAS IN THAT
MEAH, I'VE BEEN IN QUITE A FEW. ACTUALLY...



NOW SEE A LOT OF PEOPLE THINK THAT A NON-TALL PERSON SUCH AS MYSELF DOESN'T HAVE MUCH OF A SEX-LIFE
IN FACT, NOTHING COULD BE FURTHER FROM THE TRUTH.
NEENOR
NEENOR
NEENOR!
I TELLYA WHAT I LIKE BEST... EVERY SATURDAY I GO OVER TO THE YACHTING CLUB AT NILLINGTON WITH MY BROTHER
THERE'S ALL THESE MEN IN CAPS AND WOMEN IN SHORT TROUSERS...
SQUEEE!
WHAT I DO SEE IS I PRETEND TO BE DRUNK THEN RUN AROUND NIBBLIN' ALL THESE LADIES' TUMMIES.
ALL THEIR HUSBANDS JUST SMILE AND PAT ME ON THE ED AN' SAY "STEADY ON, LITTLE CHAP."
ISSA GREAT LARZE!
SKRISH!
KRINK!
TINK!
WE'RE THE POLICE.

WELL, I THINK IT'S FAIRLY OBVIOUS WHAT THE SOURCE OF THE TROUBLE IS HERE, TOMPKINS...
I THINK SO, SARGE...
KUMP!
AOW!
GUNCH!
OOUUEERRGH!
RIGHT. CARRY ON, EVERYBODY ... BUT KEEP THE NOISE DOWN, EH?
SEE YOU AT THE MEETIN' NEXT WEDNESDAY, STAN.
RIGHT YOU ARE, NEVILLE...
WELL, THAT'S KILLED THE ATMOSPHERE STONE DEAD FOR A START.
WELL, Y'KNOW, I'M NOT RACIAL PREJUDICE, BUT THEY AIN'T THE SAME AS US, ARE THEY?
THE EVENING BROKE UP SHORTLY THEREAFTER...



...AND EVERYBODY WENT HOME...
HØLLØ.
IT'S ME.
FIRM DINNER GO ALRIGHT, DID IT?
ØH VELL, YÜ KNOW...
THERE VAS A BIG ARGÜMENT UND LITTLE NIGEL TÖLD ØS ABOUT VAT HE DUSS ØN SATURDAYS, UND THEN I CHANGED INTØ A VÖLF AND THE PØLIS CAME UND KNEED GEORGE IN THE SHOEMAKERS...
IT VØS ØKAY...
HONESTLY, OUR RAOUL ... YOU ARE A GRET WALLY...
I DUNNO WHY YOU BOTHER TO GO EVERY YEAR IF IT'S ALWAYS THE BLOODY SAME...
THE EVENING WAS STILL, SAVE FOR THE FAINT WHIRRING NOISES THAT THE STREETLAMPS MADE IF YOU PRESSED YOUR EAR TO THEM...
...AND THE DISTANT, POIGNANT COUGHING OF A CONSUMPTIVE HOUSEMARTIN...
GOODNIGHT, EVERYBODY.
GOODNIGHT.

# THE SAGA OF DALGODA IS OVER . . .

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